

PIERRE & ME: Peter C. Newman, Rick Mercer and Will Ferguson remember the inimitable Berton



MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE | www.macleans.ca

DECEMBER 13 2004

RISE UP, UKRAINE

It's beginning to look like

A NEW COLD WAR.

Danylo Hawaleshka
reports from inside
the Orange
Revolution.



\$4.95

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46 | Religion
THE BATTLE FOR BOUNTIFUL Polygamy, radicalism and a fight for hearts and minds.



A FIGHT WE UNDERSTAND

The standoff in Ukraine has implications for everyone—and special meaning here

IN THE YEARS I spent in the old Soviet Union as Moscow bureau chief for this magazine, I was lucky enough to make friends with the great journalist Arseniy Artyomov. Artyomov combined the courage, question-everything instincts of a born muckraker with the expansive behaviour of a devout humanitarian. His dad, Gennadiy, was a certified member of the upper-class intelligentsia, which involved Artyomov facing an otherwise dangerous habit

of criticizing his country's recent history and leadership. Artyomov often said he loved his country, but knew it too well even as Russia and other republics were preparing to shake off Communism; he remained cynical about the prospects for real democracy. Russians, he argued, are happier when ruled by autocratic, expansionist leaders—and whether they're elected autocrats.

There have been many strains in the past four years when I would have loved to know that discussion with Artyomov, who died in a plane crash in 2000. But there was doubt he would take bitter satisfaction in the way Russian President Vladimir Putin has been behaving toward Ukraine in the aftermath of what was, by virtually every account, a coded decision. Putin seems to think that Russia can involve itself in the internal affairs of its neighbours—and that everyone else should keep out. George W. Bush—bless him for this—has made clear that can't happen, and suddenly we see fresh reminders of a Cold War that we thought had long been put into the deep freezer more than a decade ago.

Beyond the global implications, that conflict has special resonance for more than one million Canadians who identify themselves as being of Ukrainian extraction. One is Senator Wayne Dwyer (Dawson, Northwest Territories), whose report from Nanisivik on page 22, where images bear color for writing much of the Presses and turning them into the breadbasket of this country—the same phrase used to describe Ukraine itself. And for a Canadian living in Moscow, flying into Ukraine as I did often—was always like visiting a piece of home. The landscape looked just like great swathes of this country, and being Canadian transformed you into an instant celebrity—because everyone had finally who had emigrated, or were hoping there-

“We see fresh reminders of a Cold War that we thought had itself been put into the deep freezer”

selves to follow suit. I was reminded of that last week by Gail Asper, the Winnipeg lawyer who's spearheading an ambitious effort to build a national human rights museum in her city. It's a great project—as part because it makes clear that so many people who built this country came as a direct result of repression. The struggle for human rights and democracy continues around the globe. We can't afford to wait till face-ups happen, as in Ukraine, to be aware of that.

TWO SAD NOTES. One is the passing of Pierre Berton at 84 (page 36). The Berton history with Maclean's spans generations; in addition to Pierre's well-chronoled tenure with the magazine, Isaac Paul (editor of the London Free Press) has written for us, and his nephew Bertone Woodward—who recalls his uncle in this issue—was a valued member of our staff (I'll be moved into academic life. Another loss in the death at age 53 (of pancreatic cancer) of David Weintraub of Global News (page 23)—as fine a person as he was a journalist. Our sympathies.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

argued@maclean.ca is comment on the Editor's letter

MACLEAN'S

Canada's National News Magazine

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NAUTICA

"Our sprawling, out-of-control cities have eaten too much pristine farmland. Yes, we will become more urban, but it should not be at the expense of the rural." —**DAVID PETERSON, Editor**

Rural angst

As the co-venture partner of a family-run orchard in the Okanagan Valley, I read your article on the impact of suburbs on agricultural lands with a jaundiced eye ("The war between town and country," Cover, Nov. 29). I am increasingly tired of the rural wannabes who move to the country for the lifestyle, then promptly attempt to recreate the rural landscape into a suburban night mare. If Canada wishes to continue to feed itself, those non-farmers living in rural agricultural settings must be more accepting of the messy, slow-moving economy business that we call farming.

MARTIN FISHER-HARRIS, Armstrong, B.C.

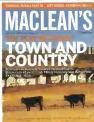
Persons who are offended by natural rural odours should avoid living in agriculturally zoned areas. If you and your children wish to have access to fresh, affordable, organic, local produce, and you care about preserving ecological and local economic benefits, please support your local farmer.

Lynn Van Halbeek, Pickering, Ont.

How quickly the people of our society forget what makes their lives possible in the fantastically vibrant and interesting urban environment! Let's take a look at the own piece of the urban dweller. In the great cities and small towns of the nation, you find many different types of trades: doctors, lawyers, teachers, artists, construction workers, factory workers, engineers, etc. They all trade their skills and time for each other's services. This is a wonderful system and it works, or we would all still be living in caves. There is only one hole in the pie—the foundation that all the rest is built on: food. Without someone supplying the necessary, all else stops.

JAMES WEDDERBURN, Mission, B.C.

Your comments about the need for high-speed Internet and cellular service in rural areas are true to home ("Life in the slow lane," The Editor's Letter, Nov. 29). Our township currently lacks both, and we know that is detrimental to economic growth. Our



repeated appeals to cellphone providers and governments have failed to produce results. Several municipalities in eastern Ontario still are without cellphones, a real health and safety issue since many cottages are water-access only with no hydro or telephone. Oftentimes, the area of the greatest need are in your own backyards.

Ken Hock, Town, Township of Addington Highlands, Ont.

Having found work in several wonderful communities throughout northern and eastern Ontario for the past 17 years, I took mild exception to the "Life in the slow lane" title of the editor's Nov. 29 weekly column. It may be slower only because the author

The blame game | Who's responsible for the urban-rural divide?

In his Editor's Letter, Anthony Wilson-Smith referred to his experiences with the urban-rural divide, wondering if, by being a city-dweller himself, he and his family were part of the problem. But Keith MacIsaac of Minto, Ont., responded: "We rural people have also played a role by adopting suburban lifestyle that is at odds with the way of life of our surroundings."

wants to take which is there on weekends with his family just because the values differ does not mean the speed is any different. This is not about a choice between a strong urban Canada or a strong rural Canada. It is about a strong urban and a strong rural Canada.

Allen Katz, Kingston, Ont.

Contrary to the "hulk" stereotype, farmers are more technologically savvy than most of our urban neighbours, using modern tools ranging from global positioning systems in our tractors to genetically engineered seed.

Brent Roberts, Rockwood, Ont.

Kid gloves

I cannot agree that our youth are stressed out from parental supervision ("Stressed out," Cover, Nov. 22). I grew up on a rural farm. My mother died when I was 11 years old and I had to chop wood, milk cows, clean the barn, carry water. After chores I went to school. I was an A student. Stress wasn't meant to put. I know that many parents push their youngsters to great limits. I pushed my kids to do their best and will never agree that our poor little kiddos must have time to hang out at the mall.

Bob Gaudin, Toronto, B.C.

Having worked with children in the public schools and also as a teacher of Music for Young Children (MYC), I read your article with interest. It is conceivable that children can be too busy, but we must give parents credit for knowing how much is too much for any particular child. It has been my experience that parents who find their child is "stressed out" have the good sense to limit the amount of that child. However, with an annual return rate of more than 90 per cent, parents of any MYC students must see the value of music instruction for their young children.

Patty King-Duffy, Guelph, Ont., N.S.

I think that far too many parents today feel their children must be super kids—everything has become a competition.

Angela Olson-Klenzand, Kemptville, Ont.

Dutiful parents

Bravo to Mike McCabe of Edmonton who wrote to you about universal child care, stating that no one is forced to have children ("Daycare dilemma," The Mail, Nov. 22). My

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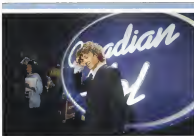
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Well, we treated Porter's debut CD—well, a popular position with some young female readers.

parents had four children, and my father chose not to receive what was then called "family allowance" because, he said, we were his children and his responsibility. People must learn to make the right choices and be prepared to live with them—not look to the rest of us to share their burden.

Kate Hollister, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Kalan's posse

I was floored by the comments of your "reviewer" about Kalan Porter's amazing CD ("How to dominate an idol," *Back Talk*, Nov. 29). To say that the CD is a "mess" is truly an outrage. He wrote and co-wrote four of the 14 tracks. Talent, I should say "Schleider" and "blend," I should say not Kalan will be a force to be reckoned with.

Cheryl Deery, Newmarket, Ont.

I just read your article about Kalan Porter's CD 299 Days. I am curious: did your reviewer even listen to the CD? Comparing Kalan to Ryan Malcom is absurd. It is like comparing apples and oranges. There was also no mention of the fact that Kalan played violin on the CD. He is a classically trained musician on the violin and viola.

Sydney Commandeur, Curran, P.C.

“Many parents push their young—I will never agree that our poor little kiddies need time to hang out at the mall.”

Dog bars won't work

Thank you for your article questioning the effectiveness of banning pit bulls ("Pit bull, ban rap?" *Issue*, Nov. 15). As an SPCA adoption counselor, I know that laws banning dog breeds will not stop the problem of dog attacks. Perhaps better education for potential dog owners would help. It may also help if the laws and penalties for animal abuse were both stricter and better enforced. And although there are responsible breeders, some are not. It would be good for a potential pet owner to check out the credentials of the animal before buying, and refuse to buy from anyone who seems a bit questionable.

Berry Boyd-Zheng, Glenora

Technically not stealing

Downloading for personal use should not be illegal ("Hic television," *Technology*, Nov. 29). But if someone is downloading and then distributing any copyrighted material for profit, then they should be charged and held accountable. What next, are we going to make it illegal to use our VCRs to record a TV show to be watched later?

J.K. Barker, Toronto

Television programs are paid for by viewers by watching commercials or purchasing cable and satellite accounts. Copying for personal viewing should be allowed only under a fair practice agreement similar to print copyright.

Valerie Frost, St. Catharines, Ont.



MICHAEL WALTRIP (right) on Daytona 500 champion (2001 & 2002)



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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



MAKE YOUR CHOICE

Former general Roméo Dallaire (above), Athlete Chantal Petitclerc, Journalist Alexandre Trudeau, Premier Ralph Klein. They're among dozens of Readers' Choice nominees for this year's Maclean's Canadian of the Year.

While the second-annual Canadian of the Year will be chosen by the magazine's senior editorial staff under the direction of Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith, reader votes are being given due consideration. And that gives you the opportunity to help decide our highly anticipated and much-discussed choice.

While the person will likely be a high-profile personality, this doesn't rule out lesser-known or controversial figures, says Wilson-Smith. "The most important thing is that he or she should have made an outstanding contribution to Canadian life in the last year."

When you visit www.macleans.ca to cast your vote, you'll also be invited to give us your choices for the news event, entertainer and health care advocate of the year. The competition has yielded the following early leaders in each category:

- **News event:** the federal sponsorship scandal (40 per cent)
- **Entertainer:** Dany Aronoff, who won the Oscar for Best Foreign Film for directing *The Barbarian Invasions* (44 per cent)
- **Health care advocate:** Pierre Gauthier, who developed a drug that may help those with spinal cord injuries walk (36 per cent)

The results of the Readers' Choice Poll and the Canadian of the Year will be unveiled in our year-end double issue, which will also include the 21st annual Maclean's Year-End Poll. Look for it on newsstands the week of Dec. 20 and online at www.macleans.ca.

Act fast. You only have until Dec. 18 to cast your ballot. Please take a few minutes to tell us what you think. Your opinion matters and your vote could make all the difference.

Help shape what's inside Maclean's by registering as a member of the Maclean's Advisory Panel at www.macleans.ca/ap. For further information about this article, contact behindthescenes@maclean.ca.

Find the money

with David Bach, author
The Automatic Millionaire

GETTING AHEAD BY TAKING SMALL STEPS



Best-selling financial writer, David Bach, says *Scotiabank* can help you discover the small steps that lead to big financial gains. "People are overwhelmed by financial planning today," says David. "There are too many choices, too many options—so they tend to do nothing. But it doesn't have to be a big deal. Take just a few small steps and you're on your way to securing your future."

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UPFRONT

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Drugs | Say it ain't so, Barry, and Marion and Tim and ...

No wonder sports fans are losing faith in their heroes: A U.S. investigation into performance-enhancing drug use by athletes has implicated a raft of stars, including American sprinter Marion Jones and Tim Lincecum, and San Francisco Giants' outfielder Barry Bonds, the National League's MVP for the fourth year in a row. Another slugger, Jason Giambi of the New York Yankees—who like the others has always publicly denied using performance-enhancing drugs—reportedly sold a U.S. grand jury last December that he had taken steroids, testosterone and human growth hormones. Several others, including track star Kelli White, have fessed up, too. But Bonds, the massive slugger who in 2001 broke base-

ball's single-season home-run record, remained his taciturn. In grand jury transcripts from 2003, linked to the San Francisco Chronicle, he admitted taking previously undetectable steroids, but without knowing what they were. That's surprising—Bonds is famously forthright about everything from his custom hats to the clothing chair at his locker room stall. Yet he clams his trainer told him he was using flaxseed oil as a supplement and the cream would cure his arthritis. "All I want is the pain relief," Bonds claimed. The jury is still out.

But Bonds is far from the only athlete to have been implicated in the scandal. In 2003, he was linked to the San Francisco Chronicle, he admitted taking previously undetectable steroids, but without knowing what they were. That's surprising—Bonds is famously forthright about everything from his custom hats to the clothing chair at his locker room stall. Yet he clams his trainer told him he was using flaxseed oil as a supplement and the cream would cure his arthritis. "All I want is the pain relief," Bonds claimed. The jury is still out.

Quote of the week | "Beyond the words of politicians and the natural disagreements that nations will have, our two peoples are one family, and always will be." President GEORGE W. BUSH in Halifax

ScoreCard

MLB & PLAYERS

Angered fans plan Toronto summit: Can save season, restore goodwill to empty lives. **Key leader?** Many find time, and money, for simpler joys: road hockey with the kids, Saturday night movies, the farious bargain of junior hockey. Heads up, Big G: you're expendable.

PIERRE BERTON

When the loss of a pop historian eclipses war of a U.S. president, it becomes clear that Berton, a draftsman, proves his thesis yet again: Canada is a unique land, made better by the giants who walk among us.

HE WON \$2.5 MIL.

Baby-faced game-show contestants for 1960, Alex, who is Ken Jennings? Sure, he had 2,200 correct answers in 74 straight episodes of Jeopardy!, but let's try a real one: how long would this know-it-all survive The Apprentice before The Donald strangled him?

COMPROMISE

Indicted combat left dangling aside down while scaling wire fence at Begonia ridge. Whigley out of plane to reach dropped cellphone for ill rescue. Future as robes down at- tained. Failure to ride home leaders is far political career.

Mansbridge on the Record



DIARY OF A TV ANCHOR

The 'glamorous' life of a TV personality? Hardly. But I do admit: it is satisfying.

AM, THE GLAMOROUS LIFE of the network newscaster. At least, "glamorous" is the way they portray it in newspapers, and that's why people like me have journalism students who believe that's the reality—putting us on the job. Don't get me wrong, there's much to covet about the job. But glamour? Not when a few more days were like:

Monday: Up at 6 a.m. to catch the live for Windsor. Actually, it was a pleasant change from the high in the sky method of zip-jumping around the country. This way, you have a sense of where you've been, even if it's just the town from Hwy 401. A breeze in the driver's window me to make an on-board announcement. Also, it wasn't convincing enough to get my fellow newscaster to retire summer camp days with a round of New hags. In Windsor that night, we broadcast a cover hall on Canada-U.S. relations with a firing crowd from both sides of the border, many of whom kept debating after the camera stopped recording. It was madrigal before the end of the day, but a longer one was about to dawn.

Tuesday: Up at 4:30 a.m. for a news program in Toronto, then caught the last flight to Ottawa before security closed the airport for the hour around George W. Bush's arrival in the capital. By the time the sub got to downtown Ottawa, the RCMP had moved the key news block off, which meant heading my suitcase the final couple of hundred meters to the office. The day's story was straightforward, almost predictable—like the moment when a minor confrontation broke out between police and a dozen or so

anti-war protesters (out of a crowd of thousands). But it happened to take place directly in front of the television camera set up to give a "beyond" shot of Parliament Hill for U.S. correspondents doing their stand-ups. As a result, that scene became, for some, the symbolic image of the two-day visit. It was played over and over by some cable networks to describe an "angry" Canadian population. You wonder why some journalists question their own medium? Shortly after 11 p.m., on a rather normal place for a run to Halifax. My head didn't hit pillow until 2:30—22 hours after the day started.

Wednesday: Five hours later, duty called again, this time at 7:30 a.m. The case of Bush's speech thinking Canadians for opening their homes to stranded Americans arrived after 9:11. At times like this, there's a sense of security good. Bush hadn't even left Ottawa, yet everyone was expected to be at the Halifax harborfront three hours before his arrival. (That joke in companion to the British, where Charles and Diana married, I was accused to be at my pet outside Buckingham Palace no later than 4 a.m. The parade to the wedding didn't start till 10.)

The first 22 was named worth it. The point of entry to Canada for more than a million immigrants between 1938 and 1971 has been turned into a *Bellevue* museum dedicated to our past. I can be an emotional experience suddenly before me was an old photograph of the ship that had brought my family to this land half a century ago. While we landed at Quebec City, the Saguenay ferry docked with its cargo of hopes and dreams at Halifax, too. I was surprised at the feelings that picture stirred.

Not every week is as exciting as a morning like this. But these are times you never forget.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent at CBC's *News at 10* and Anchor at *The National*. To compare his on-air persona to

FaceTime

So who won?

What looked like a fast come-for-freedom of the press was in the end a bit of a muddle. Ontario Judge David Crane found *Maclean's* Spectator reporter Kim Peters at contempt of court—a term considered—for refusing to identify a source in a story about problems in a nursing home (now the subject of a law suit). But he refused



to file Peters or send him to jail. Crane then gave news outlets a letter, for encouraging reporters to break the law by publishing sources they are not legally entitled to protect.



Still peaking

Somewhere near the sun-blinded tip of a television volcano, 4,000 or so metres above sea level, two Canadian immigrant residents and their doctors are testing the limits of endurance. Of the two, Marlene Sylvain, 56, may be having the easier time, not only is this her second high jump, but when he received his new heart four years ago he's all the nerves

were matched. So Marlene's new ticker doesn't quit like his fellow volunteers. 4,000 or so metres above sea level, two Canadian immigrant residents and their doctors are testing the limits of endurance. Of the two, Marlene Sylvain, 56, may be having the easier time, not only is this her second high jump, but when he received his new heart four years ago he's all the nerves



Strut: Have the birds become more to be a scandal in high school? He's Secretary David Blumenthal carried to

a largely after with married magazine publisher Kimberly Quinn with American to last—and claims to have fathered two of her children. But he's not being paid to tell the story. He's under fire because he may have fabricated her family's sex, blunder, divorce, a totally untrue with the photogenic Quinn, the Alas, is back with her life.



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At the heart of the image

WORLD

TYPHOON More than 1,000 people were dead or missing in three coastal communities in the Philippines after tropical rain lashed a series of flash floods and landslides. Authorities blamed much of the devastation on illegal logging of the lucrative mahogany forests, as road and freshly-cut logs cascaded down on unsuspecting villages.

EUTHANASIA The Netherlands' Groningen Academic Hospital admitted carrying out four mercy killings, using lethal doses of sedatives, of babies born with incurable diseases in 2003. Under its controversial law, the country allows euthanasia for adults who are fully cognizant, but prosecutors were made aware of the baby deaths some time ago and have not brought charges. The hospital and Dutch doctors have won the government to erode guidelines for those, like infants, who have no free will.

MIDDLE EAST In Israel, Ariel Sharon's ruling coalition shattered over a budget vote, and he was forced to fire five ministers and seek a new coalition with rival Labour opponents to hold off early elections and preserve his contested plan to order Israeli settlers from the Gaza Strip.

Meanwhile, the studied calm preceding the election of a new Palestinian leader on Jan. 9 broke when militant group Hamas said it would boycott the vote, and a controversial challenger—the charismatic Marwan Barghout, currently serving life sentences in an Israeli jail for murder—stepped forward to take on incumbent Mahmoud Abbas.

EXTRACT What may be the world's last poached, rare hummingbird-sized bird, captured just a few months ago to try to start a breeding program, died in a Maui bird sanctuary. Hawaiian wildlife officials say the only two other poached they are aware of haven't been seen in nearly a year.



WAR ON TERROR Tom Riffe, the Pennsylvania governor who took on the high-profile job of secretary of homeland security after Sept. 11, unexpectedly announced his resignation, the eighth Bush cabinet member to leave in recent weeks. He is to be replaced by Bernard Kerik, a one-time best cop who was New York City police

commissioner during the 9/11 attacks.

The Pentagon, meanwhile, announced that 12,000 more U.S. troops will be deployed in Iraq for the period surrounding the Jan. 30 election. That will bring total U.S. troop numbers there to 150,000.

U.S. JUSTICE Looking overruling as Canadian counterpart, the U.S. Supreme Court agreed to review the case for medical marijuana and also refused to hear an appeal of Massachusetts' decision to allow same-sex marriage, which means that law stands.

Canada's Supreme Court said it would render its decision on the constitutionality of gay marriage on Dec. 9.

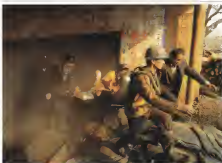
HEALTH

STRESSFUL WORK Don't read this if you're driving: U.K. researchers, examining heart rates and other functions, reported everyday commuting is more stressful than being a fighter pilot or race car. At the same time, California researchers, studying women, found that the emotional stress of divorce or caring for a chronically sick child can literally age someone 10 years, measured by the physical deterioration of key chromosomes.

Meanwhile, StatCan said one million Canadians have suffered panic attacks

DANGER ZONE

It took 16 to 19 years to reach the world's worst mining disaster in decades: 167 coal miners blown apart or suffocated in a giant underground gas explosion in Shaanxi province, but it puts within this was the country's third such mishap in recent weeks... The planet's biggest coal producer is by a vast margin the world's coal-mining giant... staggering 4,250 people killed in the last two months of this year alone.



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
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A man in a dark suit and striped tie is smiling and holding a large wooden barrel filled with green grapes. He is standing in a vineyard with rows of grapevines in the background. The word "KING" is visible in the background on the left.

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UPFRONT

LIE DETECTION If polygraphs are unreliable, try an MRI. Researchers at Temple University in Philadelphia discovered different parts of the brain light up when someone is telling the truth. Or not.

CANADA

STRIPE-GRABBLE Ottawa cancelled the work permit exemption for exotic dancers, a controversial program that brought 664 foreign strippers to Canada last year—552 of them from Romania—and has put Immigration Minister Judy Sgro on the frontlines for helping out who had worked on her election campaign stay on. The cancellation means Ottawa won't spend tax dollars anymore justifying a labour shortfall of exotic dancers.

DELAYED WELCOME Two years after she was choked into unconsciousness and left for dead in a Vancouver park while sex jugging, former Korean exchange student Jo Yoon Park was given limited immigrant status, allowing her to enter Canada. But she is now ostracized by her mother and brother, with some in Canada looking after her, as she is still severely brain damaged and unable to walk.

THE PRACTICAL DESIGN

Endangered Canadian species



REMEMBERING

activists converged on Bhopal for the 20th anniversary of the world's worst industrial accident. At least 18,000 died and 553,400 were made sick—some with chronic afflictions—when 40 tonnes of poisonous gas leaked from a pesticide plant owned by Union Carbide. The site has never been closed up.

WICKSTEAD Court of high court, not ideal
a new trial—not the acquittal he was hop-
ing for—in the case of Robert Mervick,
convicted of the sensational murder of his

friend Elizabeth Bain in 1993. Bain's lawyer suggested killer Paul Bernardo, who lived in the same area as Bain and would later be revealed as the Scarborough Rapist, was the culprit. But the appeals court found that while the handling of the Balzorelli case was unbalanced, there was still enough evidence to warrant confidence the case sent

S&B: They are still hanging tough on one species, banning pit bulls, but the Ontario government has announced that it will no longer insist that sushi and other delicacies that can potentially harbor parasites be frozen before they are served.

LOST TRAVELER After a week of combing through hospital records, Vancouver police were no closer to finding the mother of a tiny, days-old baby girl abandoned in a west end bus shelter. Believed to have been possibly sexually abused, the little one is in good health and shows no signs of drug or alcohol withdrawal. She is said to be of either Asian or native descent.

SOUND OFF is a blow to cottagers everywhere, a group in Quebec's Laurentian Mountains convinced a judge that **unmovable noise** is making them sick. The Superior Court judge closed one 40 km trail and ruled people who lived within 300 m of another should be compensated \$1,400 a year by the province and local municipalities, retroactive to 1997—a multi-million-dollar tab that is likely to shut them trail down, too.

Mary Janigan | ON THE ISSUES



STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

The auditor general and Treasury Board boss want to make Ottawa more accountable

FOR THE FORTHRIGHT auditor of our nation's books, this has been a grueling position. In mid-November, in a usually calm testimony before the Commons public accounts committee, Sheila Fraser explained that the Treasury Board was dragging its back in approving her full funding for 2005-2006. Layoffs might ensue. Worse, after almost four years of talking about it, the board had not even voted on a way to allow a neutral third party, instead of the Treasury Board, to scrutinize her own office's spending estimates. As an audit candidate itself, the board would be in an apparent conflict of interest if questioned her choice of departments for audit. By month's end, after the personal intervention of Treasury Board President Roy McLeod, the crisis was largely resolved. Full funding was promised. And McLeod is developing an independent funding mechanism. "She is a friend and I don't blame her," he says. "I am already committed to seeing this out."

That potentially explosive drama has obscured the highway that Fraser is making on behalf of frazzled taxpayers. Through a series of deliciously crafty maneuvers, the auditor general has opened the poison as delinquent officials. First, she devoted an entire report each year to follow-ups, instead of appending them to other studies where their impact was often lost. Then, after determining that only 65 per cent of her recommendations were fully implemented in 2002 and 2003, she went further: her officials now ask offending departments exactly when they expect to comply. "And we say,

“

Sheila Fraser, whose findings spurred the sponsorship investigation, is making real headway on behalf of frazzled taxpayers.

"Okay, we are going to hold you to that," she says, noting that her officials now send the follow-up audits for that date. "Forty-five per cent is not good enough."

She has two formidable allies in this minority Parliament. As Tory MP John Williams, who leads the public accounts committee, says: "The committee can go a long way if it takes a firm stand to support her." And, although some Martin backers privately snarl her because of her outraged report on the sponsorship scandal, Alcock regards her as an ally in his quest to reform how government works. The two may actually make a difference: in her Nov. 22 report, Fraser pointedly asked Ottawa to wear beyond its concept of bureaucrats' narrow legal obligations to it devices modern-day definitions of accountability. "I hope this will provide some reflective thought on the day of public servants when they are things going wrong and may not be technically accountable," she says. Alcock agrees.

Meanwhile, she wants to ensure those who fear she has lost her sting—because their latest report seemed relatively tame. In the morning report said: "No, no," she insists. The morning sponsorship audit last winter led to criminal charges while her most recent effort chastised Ottawa's continued failure to manage its drug benefit program properly. "The sponsorship audit was quite extraordinary—and deserved the lead of language we used," she says. "It would be inappropriate to use that language for problems in management." What's next? A regular follow-up report in February will take another look at areas like CIDA contracts; the next one after that will tackle such big-risk areas as airport security. "There have been some tough moments," she adds, "but I continue to feel privileged to behave." Actually, the privilege is all ours. ■

Mary Janigan is a political and policy writer. Mary.janigan@canadacomm.ca

Passages

DIED Margaret Ann (Dixie) Jenkins, wife of film director Norman Jenkins and a champion of spinal cord research, died in an Oswego, Ont., hospital. She was 76.

DIED David Vancura, a dedicated newsmen and the general head of Global TV's juristicentury newsmen, died at 53 after a brief bout with pancreatic cancer. Born in Hamilton,



Vancura worked for the Toronto Star for 24 years, mostly in Ottawa, before making the jump to TV in the late 1990s.

DIED When she was born, John A. Macdonald was prime minister. Annie Benson, a Cape Breton nun said to have been the oldest Canadian, passed away in a New Brunswick convalescent where she had lived since 1985 after breaking her hip. She was 113.

DIED Dame Alicia Markova, the genuine the British ballerina who redefined the art of dance in the 1920s and '30s, on founding what is now known as the English National Ballet, died in Bath, England, at 94.

NAMED Wheelchair racer Chantal Peden, 34 (right), the star of the Paralympic Games in Athens with five gold medals, was selected Canada's top track and field athlete of the year, sharing the honour with hurdler Penelope Peabody, 24, whose marriage crash in her premier event broke Canada's heart.



PLEADED Brothers Steve and Frank Koebel pleaded guilty to reduced charges of common nuisance for the 11 suit outbreak that claimed seven lives and sickened thousands in Walkerton, Ont., in the spring of 2000. Prosecutors went all time, at least for five, the town's former water manager, who has admitted faking news on safety reports. Sentencing is on Dec. 17. The maximum penalty is two years in jail.

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Weapons | HANS BLIX, DIPLOMAT AND INSPECTOR

'A DANGEROUS AND UNPREDICTABLE U.S.'

HANS BLIX IS STILL SEARCHING. Today, the veteran Swedish diplomat and former UN chief weapons inspector in Iraq (brix is a pun) is still trying to stop the proliferation of missiles and tools of mass murder. The Weapons of Mass Destruction Commission met recently in Vancouver to work on a report for the UN that will assess the need for major powers to sign weapons bans and permit inspections. Blix sees Iraq as an example of the grave evils that can result from a lack of inspectors. His own conclusion: Saddam Hussein didn't have a viable weapons program. U.S. and Britain invaded anyway based on "spin and misapprehension."

What do you make of the re-election of a U.S. president who went to war based on a false premise about WMDs?

The serious crisis would be misinterpreting the results if they felt it was an authorization to use force against Iran or North Korea. And the election had many other

factors: gay marriage, conservative values. For a European, this is like a roller coaster.

What's your read on the political appetite for measures to curb the spread of weapons?
Since the mid-'90s, disarmament efforts have come to a standstill. There seems to be

a deep-seated attitude in Washington against treaty obligations and international verification. That's puzzling. In Iraq, professional inspection came close to the truth. Intelligence agencies were wildly wrong.

What role can a modest power like Canada play in lowering the temperature of confrontation?
I headed this mission at the Lester Pearson airport in Toronto. He was a great statesman at the UN, and you've had many others. You also see close to the Americans and you understand them—so think. We hope. When you're a small country, you see the value of a rule-based international society.

The U.S. sees things differently.
Lately, they seem to suffer with the enormity of their power, they think they can act alone. After Iraq, I think they realize there are limits. The UN, much of the administration fault, is a sort of talk shop up in New York. They feel contempt for it. But they could contrast the importance of UN support.

Will the Iraq action deter countries that in fact do have nuclear or biological weapons?
A dangerous and unpredictable U.S., one prone to pre-emptive strikes, may have some impact, but I don't think it will be major.

What would have a major impact?
If the U.S. were to ratify the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty on nuclear weapons, I'm fairly convinced China would do the same. If China does it, India will do it. If India does it, Pakistan will. If Pakistan does, I think Iran will. We'll have a heretofore dormant effect.

What do you think of Bush personally?
I only met him once. I did not have an impression of a dogmatic characterist but a pragmatic person with acute political sense.

Anal of Saddam?
Inspectors he tried to regard as overpriced on the floor.

The U.S. sees the world as safer without him.
I agree the world is a better place without a brutal dictator—but safer? The Iraq crisis has stimulated strong Muslim feelings that have been breeding terrorists.

So the war is creating a new terrorist wave?
Indeed. I think this is clear. **—EMMA MORGAN**



DAY OFF



WEEKEND



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They took to the streets to support Yanukovich and stare down Kuchma's police

RISE UP, UKRAINE

It's beginning to look like the Cold War. DANYLO HAWALESHKA reports on the Orange Revolution.

It was like old times... a Russian leader warning the West to stay out of his country's sphere of influence, an American president warning that the will of the people must be heard. At the same time, over the Nov. 21 Ukrainian presidential runoff vote continued, and as opposition supporters took to the streets by the hundreds of thousands, George W. Bush promised that the United States would closely monitor any new balloting. But Vladimir Putin said he would step in even as he would drop out the time by rejecting the notion of a repeat runoff—his idea supported by opposition leader and presidential candidate Viktor Yushchenko and European Union mediators. Putin said such a vote could produce another disputed result, prolonging the standoff between Yushchenko's movement and Prime Minister Viktor Yanukovich, ousting President Leonid Kuchma's hardline political candidate and the most openly supported by Putin.

That the balloting was fraudulent was not in dispute at week's end. Ukraine's supreme court, confirming allegations by western election observers, nullified the Nov. 21 result. But the court also issued an explicit challenge to Putin, ordering that a runoff be held again by Dec. 26. It may not be the Cold War, but there's definitely a chill in the air, and it's more than just the weather. Moscow's Senior Writer Darylo Houshechko experienced what he spent time with Yushchenko's supporters in Kiev last week. His report on the Orange Revolution:

IT'S COLD AND DAMP—only just below freezing, but the kind of weather that chills to the core. Vyacheslav Zinkevich has kept outdoors for 11 uncomfortable days, but he's not budging. For almost two tumultuous weeks, the 38-year-old border guard has made his home in Kiev's Tent City, a chaotic hodgepodge of some 2,000, crisscross-together makeshift shelters that provide housing for, by one count, as many as 15,000 Kievites. With six to eight to a tent, the highly motivated squatters are forced to sleep in shifts, but remain unwavering in an inspiring act of peaceful but raucous civil disobedience. The camp, together with Independence Square only steps away, has become Ukraine's emotional epicenter for change.

Tent City sprang up in the heart of downtown Kiev in the immediate aftermath of the country's profanely flawed second presidential election on Nov. 21. It's hunkered down on a road by 500 in stretch of Khreshchatyk Street, ordinarily a busy light-thriller thoroughfare. Seated in a white plastic

lawn chair, Zinkevich looks up from his well-washed, soaked fur, burning in an old oil drum, that he shares far warmth with several other protesters. He has a smeared black-and-white coat, but the food, says Zinkevich, is "first class, three times a day." He gazes

LIKE many Ukrainians, Sitchuk says he had no choice but to come out. "It's a call of the heart," he explained.

four hours of sleep a night, maybe, and he's been on the job since all this started. "You cut [think about your work]," says Zinkevich, "where the future of your country is being decided."

At this time of year, Ukrainians with any good sense might ordinarily be cozying up to a hearty dish of braised pork stewed in sautéed onions, with a side of pickled mushrooms. Or they could be tucked under

a fluffy down comforter, belling hell. But these are heady times, with what seems like all of Kiev marching in the streets. Starting at about 8 each morning, more than 100,000 protesters, chanting "Yushchenko into the Presidency Square, Yanukovich out of the Presidency Square," have been taking to the streets, with more stages being added around the city each day.

The people who make up this mid-November spring, complete with laser light shows, take it all in via giant outdoor screens that carry broadcasts of the parliamentary debates, supreme court hearings and the politicians and musicians who take to the stage to rally spirits. Tent City's plugged-in "They're trying to divide us into east and west," Mykhailo Butenko, a vocal member of parliament, tells the crowd. "Don't let them do it." There are kids here, and university students, and decorated bus drivers with gold-plated teeth. Together, this motley mass of humanity chants, "Tomorrow we'll be happy. Freedom won't be stopped."

Mykhailo Butenko has come down to the accident after week. The company that employs him at a window glass. The 36-year-old laborer remembers how the accident led to the election after week. The company that employs him at a window glass. The 36-year-old laborer remembers how the accident led to the election after week. The company that employs him at a window glass. The 36-year-old laborer remembers how the accident led to the election after week.



In downtown Kiev, this is all that kept the Tent City protesters warm.

Ukraine. Back in '91 when Ukraine declared independence, says Dmychuk, Ukrainians were a peace lot. All that's changed. "It's absolutely optimistic," Dmychuk says. "Why? Just look at all the people, look at the passion." A short distance away, warming up in one of the underground shopping malls, Dmychuk, 27, says he's traveled enough of the democratic world to know what his country is missing.

an on "They have so much love, but we don't," says Dmychuk, "the kind we never had."

All across Ukraine, in fact, demonstrations have massed in cities to overturn an election they say robbed opposition leader Viktor Yushchenko of the country's presidency. In the east and south, where there are large ethnic Russian populations, sentiments tend toward the more favored

by Moscow: Prime Minister Viktor Yanukovich, described by opponents as a thug who

berly and badly injury. But in the streets, Yanukovich has nothing like the support Yushchenko enjoys. They're calling it the Orange Revolution, so named for Yushchenko's party colors. There's been a riotous orange clothing and material—far ribbons,

UKRAINE'S TIME OF TROUBLES

1917 Ukraine declares independence after collapse of Russian empire.
1922 Incorporated into Soviet Union.
1929-1933 Joseph Stalin's collectivization campaign results in man-made famine that

kills seven million Ukrainian peasants.



1937 Mass deportations and executions in Stalinist purge.
1941-1944 German forces occupy Ukraine. Millions die, including more than 500,000 Jews.
1945 Allied victory leaves Ukraine in

Soviet hands, but resistance continues.
1954 After nine years, the Ukrainian Soviet Republic is elevated by the Soviets.
1986 Radioactive waves across Europe after accident at

the Chernobyl nuclear station.
1988 Kuku, the Ukrainian People's Movement for



Restructuring, is established.
1991 Ukraine declares independence after abortive



putsch attempt in Moscow.
1994 Leonid Kuchma becomes president.
1997 Friendship treaty with Russia signed.
1999 Kuchma appoints Viktor Yushchenko, head of the central bank, as prime minister.

2000 In early November, police discover the decapitated corpse of investigative journalist Georgiy Gongadze, who had been looking into high-level corruption. Tapes subsequently appear, allegedly of Kuchma discussing ways



to get rid of Gongadze.
2001 Yushchenko loses a non-confidence motion in April, Kuchma

appoints Anatoly Kinakh, the former deputy PM, as PM.
2002 Mass demonstrations in September against Kuchma. In November, Kuchma resigns and appoints Viktor Yushchenko as PM.
2003 Further mass demonstrations against Kuchma.

2004 In the run-up to the Oct. 31 presidential election, opposition leader Yushchenko is hit by a disfiguring illness. Yushchenko alleges that he was poisoned by the regime. Opponents say he'd eaten bad sushi. First round of

runoff election on Nov. 21 between Yushchenko and Yanukovich. Observers report widespread fraud, but the official vote count gave victory to Yanukovich. Opposition launches street protests.



A MEDDLING NEIGHBOUR

Moscow's flexing its muscles—a blast from the past, writes CHARLIE GILLIS

olichovsky, Putin's appearance was a plug for Viktor Yanukovich, his preferred candidate in the Ukrainian election and a man who would presumably give Moscow a strong hand in Ukraine's affairs. By then, Putin and Yanukovich had engaged in a month-long gambit, which saw the candidate summoned to Moscow to celebrate Putin's birthday, while Putin took a three-day tour through Ukraine on Yanukovich's behalf.

It's all enough to make the democratic instinct recoil—an authoritarian Russian president wading into a neighbour's election that western governments can hardly frown at. Putin's interventionism, because it's not the first time he's tried to play puppet master. In Georgia and Moldova, Moscow has been openly supporting separatist demands. Levens complains that the Kremlin sought to undermine its election reforms, fomenting dissent among Russian-speakers in that country who were being forced to learn Latvian. In the meantime, Putin has built up forces in the southern republics of Tajikistan and Kyrgyzstan, though there appears

to be little direct to Russia's interests there. What's motivating him? Conscience, perhaps some observers think. Putin feels duty bound to protect the interests of the estimated 25 million Russians living in former Soviet satellites, who feel vulnerable as newly independent and nationalistic states. Others point to European Union and NATO expansion, which, with the inclusion of the Baltics and four other East European countries, has brought western troops to Russia's doorstep. The U.S. military buildup in Central Asia following Sept. 11 has added to those worries, and helps explain Putin's rapid deployment of troops in that region. (He's certainly become much more critical of the U.S., accusing it of pursuing a disastrous foreign policy and bad-mouthing speech last week in India.)

But the most likely explanation is the most obvious one: Putin is trying to preserve a slice of the hegemonic right his country once wielded. And if that requires a little old-time strong arming, then so be it. "Russia wants to be the regional power in that part of the world," says David Marples, a history professor at the University of Alberta in Edmonton who specializes in Russian and Ukrainian affairs. "Putin is very careful when it comes to international diplomacy,

but he conducts himself much less tactfully in his own neighbourhood." Marples believes Putin's motivations are primarily political; he doesn't want to see Russia reduced to EU or U.S. dependency. But he's also acting a gift of economic face, Marples says. In the late Soviet years, and the time immediately following, Moscow couldn't afford much military spending. The boom in oil prices has allowed oil-rich Russia to again fund its own military, while ensuring legal neighbours such as Ukraine petrol-run. In lesser times, he might not be so aggressive.

Whatever the reasons, Putin's designs on neighbouring countries would be a lot less troubling if he showed any regard for democracy in his own. Instead, Russian neighbours are watching in dismay as he writhes away at the country's federal system, with the approval of legislation on Russia's national parliament, the Duma. Last fall, Russia's

here began debating legislation that would restrict the number of national political parties, and since then they have passed a proposal to abolish the direct election of regional governments. Both moves follow the widely publicized prosecution of oil tycoon Mikhail Khodorkovsky, part of Putin's offensive against Russia's so-called oligarchs, men with the financial clout to be a political threat to Putin. "Putin is looking back to the Soviet era, and perhaps even earlier, to control Russia," says Kishor Maruyama, a political scientist at the University of Calgary. "He's said that the idea of a strong state is in the Russian genes, and to me that suggests autocracy."

The question now is how far Putin is prepared to push uncooperative neighbours. Will he allow Ukraine's opposition efforts to take power if they win the past election, knowing they may bring their country into NATO? Will he interpret a victory by a pro-Russian candidate in an invitation to arm Ukraine against western encroachment? The answer, as ever, lies behind Putin's inscrutable grey eyes. George W. Bush once boasted that he'd looked into the Russian leader's and "he's on honest, straightforward" but the next of the time is left studying more perilous clues, such as Putin's authoritarianism, unapologetic confidence in his own often made troubling conclusions for a southern power. If Bush indeed has a window into the man's innermost thoughts, now might be a good time to look. ■

Putin, with Leonid Kuchma (left) and Yanukovich, wants to pull the strings

IT WAS A score down straight from Cold War architect: rows of goose-stepping soldiers, marching behind a hammer-and-sickle flag while an arrow-headed Russian leader sowed from above. In the old Soviet Union, such shows of military might sent ominous messages to western states, or divisions lurking in shadow. But this was Ukraine in October 2004, and the strong man riding from the day war's Dnestrov or Brezhnev, it was Vladimir Putin.

Masses from the Soviet past are nothing new for the Russian president. He's been reconstructing themes from the Cold War era, teasing strong government and the need for order. But these themes add a new convergence with politics as symbolically as at the podium in Kiev, held to honour the city's liberation from the Nazis in 1945. More than

THE BAR FOR SPEECHES by foreign leaders visiting Canada is set impossibly high. On Dec. 30, 1941, Winston Churchill electrified the Canadian Parliament by recalling two positions that England "would have her neck wrung like a chicken" in a heady stand against German military might. Then came the indelible Churchillian pun: "Some chicken! Some chicken!" And so on. Holding George W. Bush, as anyone else, to that standard would be grossly unfair. But in considering Bush's speech in Halifax last week, a more apt analogy might be drawn to an earlier wartime address by Churchill, this one not on Canadian soil, but at a luncheon in honour of Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie

King in London on Sept. 4, 1941. "Canada," Churchill said at the occasion, "is the backbone of the English speaking world."

That memorable phrase defined Canada as the essential link between the Common wealth and the United States. Churchill went even farther, suggesting Canada was the bridge between Europe and the New World. He was flatterring Canadians, of course, in the cause of shoring up Canada's resolve to go on playing a big wartime role. In doing so, he put language rhetoric to use on what is a durable theme in attempts to sum up Canada's place in the world. Canadians like to see their country as a mid-Atlantic middle way. In recent times, that has often meant a compromise between the social democratic tendencies of Europe and the private sector's primacy in the U.S. Churchill's genius was to turn to his advantage Canadians' sentiments about their country's status in the affairs of bigger, more powerful nations.

Bush approached something similar from behind the podium at Halifax's historic Pier 21. He was careful not to appear to be telling Canadians what they should want their country to be, but rather reminded them how they have won themselves in the past. Commemorative sound on Bush's use of a long quotation from Mackenzie King is a difficult rhetorical situation. The President implied a parallel between the second World War prime minister's exhortation to Canadians to "go out and meet the enemy before he reaches our shores," and his own invasion

Bush invoked Canadian history and former PMs in his Pier 21 address

of Iraq. More broadly, Bush used reminders of the common cause of Americans and Canadians in the wars of the last century to call for greater co-operation in the one, especially an continental missile defence and his wider war on terror.

A grasp of Canadian history and the particulars of the present can make a speech by a foreign leader sound respectful and relevant. But for the words to make a difference, they must encourage something already in the air. When Bush appealed to a more aggressive, even militaristic, aspect of the Canadian identity, a substantial portion

of his audience was undoubtedly receptive. In last spring's federal election, both the Liberals and the Conservatives campaigned on promises of big spending boosts for the Canadian Forces. A vocal lobby of former officers and defence experts passionately calls for restoring Canada's fighting capacity, and de-emphasizing peacekeeping. On Bush's controversial missile shield plan, Defence Minister Bill Graham and key voices from the Prime Minister's Office have strongly hinted Ottawa should agree. Bush was not preaching entirely to the unconvinced.

Foreign leaders have often used speeches to nudgify Canadian politicians in the direction they might already be leaning. It helps to arrive with a harmonious name. Rarely has Parliament Hall been so excited as when Nelson Mandela visited in 1990, only months after being released from his long imprisonment in South Africa. Mandela thanked



HE'S NO CHURCHILL

But Bush, while praising Canada, effectively made his hard-edged case for protecting America

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Paul Martin
government closer to Bush's way
of seeing the world

The Canadian government for its staunch opposition to apartheid, and prompt Brian Mulroney for taking a tougher stand on sanctions than Boris Yeltsin or Margaret Thatcher. "[Canadians] have proved themselves not only to be steadfast friends of our struggling people but great defenders of human rights and the idea of democracy itself," Mandel said. "They are to us like brothers and sisters from whose warm embrace we shall never be parted."

Words like those, from a man the Canadians have a way of echoing a long time. It would be a mistake to underestimate Mandel's influence on the growing acceptance of Africa in Ottawa's foreign policy and aid strategy in the years to follow. One of the few leaders whose presence might rival Mandel's is Victor Havel, the Czech dissident-turned-activist. His April 1999 address to Parliament as Czech president struck a powerful chord among policy thinkers. Much there was the emerging idea that protecting people means comes through state sovereignty, justifying international intervention like the war in Kosovo. "It seems," Havel said, "that the enlightened endeavour of generations of democrats, the horrible experience of two world wars, which contributed substantially to the adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, as well as the overall development of our civilization, are gradually bringing the human race to the realization that a human being

is more important than states." Five years later, the notion of the right to protect populations within countries where human

rights are being violated has a central place in Paul Martin's foreign policy. Like Mandel, Mandel expected citizens into a potential stream of Canadian policy development in a world of free-market globalization could. Clearly, Bush does not bring that capacity to his position. Like his mentor, though, his Halifax speech had no other aim, not just as a pitch to Canada, but also as a preview of the message he is expected to take back to Europe. His salute to Canadians who took American airline passengers stranded after the Sept. 11 attacks lent his urgency on combating terror. Still, that belated thank you, and his nod toward multilateralism, did not dilute Bush's hard-edged emphasis on protecting his country.

But Bush's ability to speak in a way that let us understand him was never in doubt. The question is whether he managed, however subtly, to slip the way we understand it. The answer might come in the minutes of Canada's foreign and defense policy reviews that are now supposedly nearing completion. Or in how Martin ultimately positions himself on a similar defence. Will the Liberal government edge closer to the President's way of looking at the world? If so, even if Bush is no Churchill, Canadian historians could be quizzing his 21st speech decisions here.

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Be the Most Amazing Person in 2005

Politics | BY PAUL WELLS

INCOMING, INCOMING!

Why the big surprise over Bush and missile defence?

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE such a low-key and fruitful affair. The usual sources close to Paul Martin told reporters they expected a businesslike meeting with a U.S. president who would be chastised by the Iraq debacle, eager to show a more co-operative face, willing to start down powerful domestic constituencies in the U.S. on trade disputes over meat cows—and gracefully silent on the touchy matter of our preoccupation in missile defence. There was only one hitch: John Kerry didn't come to Canada. George W. Bush did.

Bush didn't waste much time reminding his hosts that if Americans had wanted a president who believed differently, they had skipped a chance to choose one on Nov. 2. "We

just had a poll in our country," he said, "where people decided that the foreign policy of the Bush administration ought to stay in place for four more years."

So a president who believes he has nothing to apologise for met prime ministers who are often apologetic. The results were in stentorian. Bush offered only vague hope that border night operations to Canadian livestock, and even less on so-called human beef ("one of those eternal human" a White House official told the Canadian Press). And then, deliberately and repeatedly, as Ottawa and again in Halifax, he raised the question of Canada's participation in missile defence.

In retrospect, the only surprise is that any one was surprised. Bush was at the most unproblematic of his briefings in his second year, so he has defied his own 9/11 prophecy, as a result on a project America against further devastating attack. If necessary, he would like the fight to be easy. He has never been shy about defining "easy" in broad terms. And his friends, well, they are welcome to join Bush or not. "We can have disagreements," Bush said during one of his periodic charm offensives, sitting next to Jacques Chirac at Evian, France, in June 2003. "But that doesn't mean we have to be disagreeable."

But the cordiality of that cheerful line is a point that seems custom-designed to elude Paul Martin's government: being agreeable is not the same as agreeing. Before Bush's arrival, official Ottawa floated on a ferrying cloud where the only requests would come from the host and the only concessions from the guest. In this, Martin is, as consent, in his own way, as Bush. Martin has often argued that other people should get past politics. And what will they find when they get past politics? Identity they should find they agree with Paul Martin.



The first and broadest truth, but it was hardly a weak attack

And if Martin does not yet know what he thinks, he knows that others not ask. Even after Bush's comments, Canadian officials told reporters there has still been no "ask" on missile defence.

Well, three guesses what the "ask" will be when it comes.

Since the debate over missile defence is already well underway, it is possible to say: the Martin ministry is leading a. He could hold town hall meetings across Canada. He could talk the American defence committee to revise export testimony. He could swear opposition critics into the Privy Council so they could be briefed at the highest levels. He could side the cabinet committee on global affairs in Washington for his finding. Or he could hope nobody else. So far his strategy isn't working out too well.

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REMEMBERING PIERRE BERTON

"Let us celebrate the magnificent scope and unparalleled relevance of his accomplishments," writes PETER C. NEWMAN. "We shall not read his like again."

WHEN I HEARD the news of Pierre Berton's passing, I reacted with grief, disbelief and *deser* Chief because he had been such a loyal friend; disbelief because he was the essential curator of the Canadian (Deser), thence because he was quite simply irreplaceable. Berton, who died from heart failure last week at 84, spent a deceptively productive lifetime turning out history into marketable and often magnificent prose. In the process, he not only took the best shot at defining Canadians (as anyone who can make love to a canoe) but caught the poignant mystique of our national identity. "The country is still an unknown quantity, as elusive as the wind, howling just beyond the rim of the hills."

His writings celebrated his country's contemporary role that he shies single-handedly made possible an acceptable form of behaviour in public circles of Canadian society, instead of the semi-subversive criticism it had once been considered. He did this by restoring Canadian history to a heroic picture worthy of a significant nation's record of a self-governing culture, as we've been labelled.

Berton's approach to history had a knack for the unexpected twist. In his book *Marching to War*, he argued convincingly that counter to their image of themselves, Canadians have never been critics of a possible kingdom. He made the case that in the four wars we fought between 1899 and 1953—in South Africa, twice in Europe and in Korea—Canadians became involved because they wanted to be. The politicians decided we to follow the will of the people, not the other way around. Such controversial insights captured Berton as more than a gifted storyteller. He played, equal here as a TV host and interview, managing editor of his magazine, and as a frequent accessory before the fact of sound on worthy causes. In a land where most of its citizens did their best to keep quiet, Berton believed in making noise. In his political heyday, there were few public persons championing liberal or left-wing ideas that didn't lead off with his name and financial



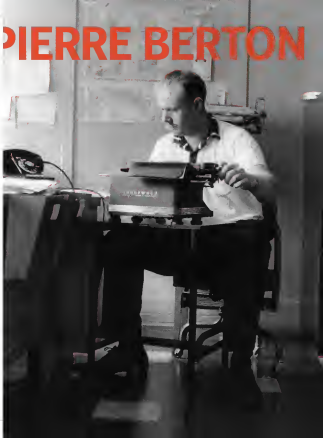
the late in winter, 2011, and in 1958: his talent never ran dry

support. He hesitated not a moment before plugging his loyalty and dollars to the most obscure of humanitarian crusades—over his portable telephone while lounging poolside at his country estate in Kleinburg, Ont.

That was where he found his greatest solace, among his extended family and especially with his wife, Janet, who was his anchor. The bluster that marked his daily passage through a crowded lifetime was just that: bluster. He was a rough hewn man when it came to writing or editing, but needed nearly everyone who came in contact with him kindly and generously, unless they were public relations flacks bearing self-inflated messages. His body language could be deafening. Berton's heart failure from which he suffered in his final years reduced his energy, his virile physique and his habit of emphasizing his convictions with

a voice that most have frightened every stray mouse for miles around left little room for argument. He was a large man with large appetites: the *Bigfoot* of CanLit. Passionate and opinionated, he was unmarked by the gloomy introspection of his calling. His Yukon heritage produced not only some of his best books (*Alouette*, *The Mystery Nordic*, *Defting House* and the current *Prisoners of the North*) but kept him from becoming a full-fledged member of the Toronto literati and their indulgent whims. That was what kept his focus so clear, and his prose so veritable.

The last time we appeared together was at the Vancouver International Women Festival in the fall of 1998, when we celebrated the merits of popular history. He walked in with the aid of a cane, appearing drawn and debilitated. But once we started declaiming the glories of our trade, he came alive, the energy visibly flowing back into his body, like some proud young buck after walking in the sun. "The whole secret," he told the audience, "is to make it read like a novel." That, of course, was exactly what I—and most of the non-fiction writers in the hall—had been trying to do, but we lacked his panache and self-confidence. If he had written music





TAKING THE MEASURE OF THIS PROLIFIC, PATRIOTIC MAN

HE SAVED MILLIONS of books, made Canadians who wrote non-fiction about our past, and modeled manners for several decades. To say Pierre Berton had a full and varied life is an understatement. *Some highlights:*

Pierre childhood in Glenora City to status as a national icon

Origins: Born July 12, 1920, Milton, Ont., childhood in Glenora City. Family moved west in 1946 after four years in the Canadian Army. They have eight children—Penny, Pamela, Patsy, Peter, Paul, Peggy Ann, Pearl and Eric—and more than a dozen grandchildren.

News career: Early on he aspired only to be a reporter, and went on to stunts at the Vancouver News-Mirror, the Vancouver Star, Maclean's (where he became managing editor at just 32) and, later, the Toronto Star. He was a pundit on *Front Page Challenge* (1967-1975), led his own TV show for decades, and hosted radio specials. Books: Not known to generations of Canadians is the person who popularized our history. Starting with *The Royal Family* (1944), he wrote 50 books, the last one, *Provinces of the North*, was published this year. Others include: *The Hallowed Dream* (1970), *Bringing Home* (1971), *The Great Years* (1973), *The Invasion of Canada* (1980), *Rivers Across the Border* (1981), *Wings* (1984), *The Arctic Quest* (1988), *The Great Depression* (1989), *The Great Lakes* (1990).

Honours: He won the Governor General's Award for *The Myriad* (1970), *Wings* (1980), *Wings* (1980) and *The Last Spike* (1971), and the 1360 Stephen Leacock medal for *Joe and Nellie* and *Star* (1970). In 1996, he was made a Companion of the Order of Canada.

Controversy: In 1963, Maclean's cut short his return to columnist in the wake of a public outcry over a piece called "We're not so happy knowing the kids about sex." His 1965 book *The Comfortable* attacked the Anglican Church, and in October he was on CBC TV demonstrating how to roll a joint.

PHOTO: CJA TRIBUNE

instead of prose, his stories would have earned instructions to the orchestra that they play "between with abandon" (Sublety was not his strong suit.)

After our talk, Pierre and I had sandwiches at the Hotel Vancouver. "It's now called the B-Ing Terrace," he declared, in the disparaging tone appropriate to any luncheon at the CNE when the railway's hotel train acquired an American firm and took its name. "We have to preserve the fabric of our nationhood through things like sandwiches and the gun laws, and all that stuff that is different from the States. We're different. Our background is different. Our history is different. The geography is different. We have to sing our own songs and create our own heroes, dress our own dreams or we won't have a country at all."

What made Berton's 50 books so valuable and so readable was his eye for anecdotes, those tidbits of observable trivia that illuminate human character. His description of the shamed bushy-tailed of 21,000 Japanese Canadians from their homes and businesses on Canada's West Coast during the Second World War began not with a critical summary of their financial losses, but with the story of Yoshiko Kato, a Japanese woman who was quietly walking to her suburban home when a white man came up to her and spit full in her face.

Berton was our indispensable national mentor by popularizing our deep past and talking to us with the refreshing ring of authenticity. He not only survived the sting of his audience's enmity, but bowed them. Berton understood better than they that history is made up of personal memories rather than a sequence of events between character and circumstance that requires the art of a storyteller for common impact. He was drawn by the realization that Canada will always have more geography than history, but we cannot learn to appreciate the former unless we begin to better understand the latter. This will be his legacy.

Following that long ago encounter in Vancouver, I knew that the wallpaper of my friend's tales would never run dry; that a night drive with him, but not for him. Now he is gone, but his books will outlive him. Let us celebrate the magnificent scope and unspooled relevance of his accomplishments. We shall not read his like again.

□

FOR MORE PHOTOS celebrating the life of Pierre Berton, visit www.anc.ca/canada/sally



TO PIERRE, WITH THANKS

Being asked to write about Berton 'is like being asked to explain the Rockies'

IT WAS ONE of those summer evenings when the darkness wraps up on you. The kind of evening where the details dissolve almost imperceptibly, where you find yourself reduced to hazy and disembodied voices, spectral stories.

"Do you see these trees?" he said, referring to the group of forest scattered across the sky. "I planted every one of them. This was just an open field when I started."

I had been invited to the home of Pierre and Janet Berton in Glenora, Ont., for a night of food and talk. Thick clouds of white had been driven onto the barbeque, and Pierre poured me a dash of brandy (so use the prep or Bertonian turn of phrase). The table was wrapped in light, sweet and steeped in sweet vinegar. It was an odd, but oddly satisfying, combination.

Pierre was 82 at the time, but still on his feet, tall, indomitable. Janet was a wonderfully gracious host, warm, very funny. She had raised eight children while her husband was scribbling away at his typewriter with two fingers.

Being asked to write a tribute to Pierre Berton is like being asked to explain the Rockies. I almost bluffed—out of respect for his memory. How do you do the man justice? I could hardly add to his stature. What I can do, though, is express my gratitude to him.

As a writer, as a Canadian, I owe him an immense and abiding debt. Pierre Berton showed me that Canada was worthy of present attention. I disagreed with his conclusions—such as in *Why We Are*



The authors, shown publishing TV's *The Hallowed Dream* in 1970, released Canadian history from Canadian historians

Like Canadians. I never doubted his commitment. Pierre Berton rescued Canadian history from Canadian historians. Or rather, he rescued it from a certain narrow, academic view of what history should be. He understood better than anyone, that history is a literary form, not a social science. It was not enough to explain the past, one had to evoke it. *The Klondike War* of 1912. The search for the "Arctic gold." Pierre's writing was always grounded in solid research and primary sources, without ever becoming bogged down. He was many things, but he was never boring.

When I try to read academic books about the Great Depression, my eyes close. But when Pierre Berton writes about the Depression, I can actually see the dust storms rolling in, can taste them, can feel the anger and crushing despair of the people.

Pierre Berton came from a journalistic background, and his earlier books—*The Comfortable*, *The Swing Affair*—were scathing polemic. He was never a defender of the status quo, and when I mentioned to him that according to the *Canadian Oxford Dictionary*, the term "shit disturber" is a Canadianism, he seemed intentionally pleased by this. It was a label he himself was proudly and one which, I'm sure, he would have preferred to "national icon."

As we sat outside that evening, waving away at our streaks, I remember asking him if he believed in ghosts and he said, "No... but I believe in ghost stories." He also shared one piece of advice

THE LAST SPLIFF: RICK MERCER'S DAY WITH AN OLD PROVOCATEUR

Rick Mercer visited Pierre Berton's Glenora, Ont., home in October to tape a segment of his new *Monday Report*, in which the author demonstrates how to roll a joint. Mercer recounts his day with Pierre: He was laid but had loads of energy. He was also really aware that people were going to look at what they saw live on TV. He was definitely getting a thrill out of that. He was a professional shit disturber, and those are the people I admire most. Since I'd never met him before, I didn't know how crazy he'd be. He was very shy, funny. I had heard he liked pot now and then, but I thought it was interesting that he was so willing to rant about decriminalizing it. We just wanted to

No changes to marijuana, he was passionate about decriminalization

get the most shocking person for this, a guest who beyond reproach, Pierre Berton rolling a joint in his back water toilet talk at the office.

I went through a phase of making his books grow up. I hadn't really read anything about the First World War until *Wings*. He made history easy. Like many Canadians, my understanding of this country's history comes from Berton's books.

He pointed out a framed letter he was especially proud of, from someone who said he was going to come and kill Pierre for something he'd written. We talked a lot about the North. And he told old shoveler stories. He also talked about his grandkids as penitence in their 10th after do. As for the joint, I was working, so I have no knowledge of what happened to it.

JOHN INTRE

HIS MACLEAN'S LEGACY

He covered everything from his beloved North to the young Queen Elizabeth II

Pierre Berton worked full time for Maclean's between 1947 and 1958, serving as managing editor for the last five years. For the Sept. 15, 1945, issue of the magazine, he returned to his hometown of Dawson City, Yukon, after a nine-year absence and filed these impressions of the area during his tenure:

THE DAWSON PEOPLE love their town, old and centered though it may look to the newcomer. Even the poor black dogs, who come in for a two-year stretch and learn to waddle on the dust on the gold trails, are sorry to leave. Some don't.

In the summer, when the sun shines to 10 p.m. and rises again shortly after 1 a.m., you can weed your garden at midnight and watch the fat porcupine and the green-veined marmoset grow up by five-year eyes. You can't get to sleeping in Rock Creek crosses the hills above the old high district of Dawson, across the river, on the bank for red currant and blueberry and high bush cranberry in the berries, you can sit, or lie, or drink over good wine.

By the time this appears, it will be autumn along the Yukon. The aspens will be on the hills of the hills will be a brilliant yellow-orange and the mountains will have turned a vivid crimson. The pine groves and aspen groves will be blackened by the fire and it will be potato digging time. The small of snow will be in the air; the last frost will be ready to leave and, once again, many old men in Dawson and young men, too, will be faced with the decision that separates so many Dawsonites each year: shall I take the last frost out, or shall I hang on another season and make a statue?

In 1951, Berton flew to Korea to cover Canadians at war. An excerpt from his *June 1 story*:

SMOUL WAS AN EBBIE PLACE at night. Unlike by anything but a few flickering candles, almost except for gunshots that occasionally rang through the hollow streets, empty, for people were afraid to come out for fear of being shot, smoggy, for goodness of heaven still looked as if it were the great dead city was a black raincoat the foot of its twisted purple mountains where, so many Koreans believe, Siva, the dragon of the lake, still lurks.

In the City Hall, Mayor Li was a figure in an old red leather jacket and faded brown felt scarf, sat behind a bow-tied desk in an office almost bare of furnishings. I asked the mayor how long it

would be before the city began to breathe again. He shook his head sadly. It would be three months anyway before any power was on, at least one month before the water was running, many months before houses could open—for there was nothing to sell. Most industries across the river which had helped to keep Seoul going—textile mills, building materials manufacturers, rubber plants—were reduced to rubble and their owners shot by the Communists.

"What will people do to earn money now, Mr. Mayor?" I asked. "There will be plenty to do. They will work for the government rebuilding the city."

"The government will pay the wages?"

"Yes, of course."

"How will you get the money?"

"Why, we will tax the people."

To coincide with Elizabeth II's coronation, in June 1953 issue Berton profiled the young Queen in "The girl behind the mask".

ELIZABETH II, as all the world knows, is a petite serious-faced girl with a 25-inch waist and golden eyebrows, who can't stand opera but likes champagne, doesn't smoke in public but keeps cigarettes on her desk, prides herself on bridge and horse racing to booting, likes her dogs (cherry and) and her near-petulant green, enjoys Jane Austen but thinks Dickens rather a bore, is usually in love with her husband and knows how to shake hands at the rate of 12 a minute.

She is also, as those quips of personal trivia indicate, the most widely publicized young woman of modern times. Her orbit is so carefully charted as that of the planet Jupiter, and she lives so much within a golden bowl that it is difficult to dissociate her private life from her public existence. Yet the two are, in many ways, quite dissimilar.

It is almost as if there were two Elizabeths, one public and one private, and this curious double existence was quite apparent to those who travelled with her on the royal train across Canada in 1951. In the privacy of her quarters she was a lively animated girl who rickled with laughter in small talk and cradled a cocktail glass between her hands. But the train would stop and the laughter would die; the talk would cease, the cocktail would vanish, the smile would fade, her shoulders would stiffen and then she would move resolutely toward the rear platform, exactly in one observer's words, "like a soldier coming to attention." ■



Foreign assignments included a 1951 trip to Korea



THEY'VE GOTTEN USED TO THE IDEA THAT THE SOLDIER

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THE GHOST OF PARTIES PAST

Guess who's not invited to the PMO Christmas bash this year?

AS THE HOLIDAY season begins, I already know one invitation I won't get to the Prime Minister's Office Christmas party. The format during my years with Jean Chrétien was pretty self-explanatory. The boss would thank us for all our hard work and make a corny joke. We would laugh politely and make for the open bar. A forgettable, all-downer event usually consisted of dry chicken breast or salmon with some kind of ugly, unidentifiable sauce. Music and dancing were also on the agenda, along with lots of opportunities for us Lester Liberals, the insignificant staffers of the PMO, to network in senior staff-to-the

Big Boys upstairs (BBUs) as we called them—booze.

Despite our cynicism (a workplace injury in politics), these parties did matter for Lester Liberals. For we were the shadowy figures in the background, we were the staffers whose names the Prime Minister did not even attempt to learn. We only received a 5-by-7 photograph of Jean and Alice Chrétien as a Christmas gift, not the 8-by-10 photograph the BBUs got. That

last year we were less-cynical than usual. We knew it was our last Christmas party.

The day on our last Dec. 12, the day Paul Martin officially took over as prime minister, came to us by surprise. The meeting hall on the wall, literally, before the chandeliers at the Langevin Block, across the street from Parliament Hill. We arrived at work the previous week to the same 7 of justice fairs and the sight of planning when walls, with our desks and bookshelves crisscrossed into

the centre of the room. Our computers, printers and phones were unplugged. No mind that we still had news releases to release and speeches to loose. "We are to pass the new treaty," was the explanation.

New regimes come and old regimes leave. That's part of politics. Loyalty and allegiance are job requirements that overnight, in many cases, competence and experience. But given the confirmation of considerable skills and complex intelligence of most Lester Liberals, it's too bad really everyone gets the boot with the arrival of a new leader. At least half of my colleagues who turned out the lights at the Langevin Block last December were in high school when Jean Chrétien and his BBUs first took over the PMO in 1993. They were learned about his rise to power in university political science

classes. They were more than an observer of the Chrétien Martin could've active participants, completely that out of the decades long, behind-the-scenes intrigue and machinations. After all, filing an expense claim or arranging travel for a BBU death as a Chrétien insider risky.

On Dec. 12 it was clear, though, that the number of staffers who would stay on and serve Paul Martin and his crew could be counted on one hand. So we did the only thing you can do in these circumstances, and that is party the new year would never come. We cleaned and scrubbed and tried to trick down library books and equipment we had forgotten about. Different sections based on parties. BBUs bought or smoked systems and wine. We ignored the cracker crumbs that fell. We smoked cigarettes

WE ignored the cracker crumbs that fell. We smoked cigarettes inside. What were they going to do? Fire us?

inside. What were they going to do? Fire us? Finally, we turned off the lights and piled wine condiments by the water coming on and buzzed 24 Sativa Drive with Green Day blaring *Time of Your Life*.

The next day we woke up, headachy and dry. We felt betrayed and released as we watched the new cabinet team get sworn in on Newsweek. Our chandeliers glared the backgrounds to see which of our friends should have stayed to bid adieu when would become high powered assistants to new cabinet ministers. Maybe they would live at Newsweek. Looking over our journey would last as Christmas parties. Surely, the new team would recognize our skills and experience and want our help on the coming election campaign. Or not.

Of course, in things unfilled, purpose was torn at a bad place for a Lester Liberal to be in the last campaign. We could scratch our heads and wonder at the tactics of the new team. To our discredit, perhaps, we weren't always and to see their filter. But for most of us, we had recovered from our addiction to the idealization that accompanies political life. We were no longer obsessively checking phone and

email messages. We could skip the front page of the newspaper and go straight to the homepage. Maybe the stars knew what the future held. We sure didn't. Lucky for us it was early summer—a pleasant time to be unemployed.

A year later, we were managed to move on. Some of us have gone back to school, although most to be a shock to study subjects in depth and to write in paragraphs rather than bullets. Those who joined the public service have managed to win the respect of new colleagues who have built careers based on tangible, measurable achievements and veridical of us women whose experience was more political than professional.

Others have joined the private sector. I found other people to write speeches for. No matter what path they chose, the question that got Lester Liberals to the PMO—cleverness, communication skills, a sleek first living in the right place at the right time and an addiction to idealization—was quality that can lead to interesting work. But we miss the magic of the Langevin Block—bobby carrels, soaring windows, deep carpets and heavy doors. Leaving at deepened elegance for a modern workplace is like leaving the funky Left Bank Paris hotel for a sterile hotel. Without. You can't deny that it's not to have a functional heating system and modern wiring in your workplace, but you miss the sense of being part of history. And no other job will allow you to hear the words you wrote come out of a world leader's mouth. No other job will include shiny hockey pucks that let you either (gasp!) pick the prime minister of Canada or motive his pass for the winning goal.

Meanwhile, the new gang of Lester Liberals had had a year to settle in. They've seen their office, but I imagine the photographs on their desks (there with the PM, then with Boss, then with the PM and their spouse). Those with children will have sent out pictures of the progeny they never get to see. After the tough year they've had, they may head into the Christmas party on Dec. 19 with a good dose of cynicism. But if they're smart, they will cry it anyway. Because the last election reminded us that we are all Lester Liberals. They should enjoy the time of their lives, because they may not last long.

Amélie Crosson worked as a Lester Liberal under Jean Chrétien for five years.

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THE BATTLE FOR BOUNTIFUL

Polygamy, radicalism and a fight for hearts and minds: KETACQUEEN reports on a Mormon sect's power struggle

TROUBLE BREWS in Bountiful, a community of fundamentalist Mormons scattered about the rolling valley lands south of Creston, B.C., a town best known for its popular Kokanee beer. The commune's founders moved almost 60 years ago from Alberta, seeking the splendid isolation of the Rookery Mountains to live "the Principle"—the practice of polygamy. The belief that men must accumulate "plural wives" to achieve salvation is a central tenet of their faith.

It exchanged them and thousands more in the United States from the mainstream Mormon Church, which ended the practice in 1990. Polygamy also remains laws in both Canada and the U.S.

Still, the Utah-based Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (FLDS), in which all of Bountiful's estimated 1,000 fundamentalists once belonged, has grown into a multi-million-dollar corporation, with about 10,000 members in the church-controlled twin cities of Hildale, Utah, and Colorado City, Ariz., and large new new estates under construction in Texas and Colorado. But the fundamentalists also inhabit a world of legal trouble.

Allegations of child abuse, forced marriages of underage girls, and of trafficking "wives" across the Canada-U.S. border have triggered investigations in B.C. and Utah. And Bountiful is also torn by a battle for spiritual and economic control between two powerful men, each claiming the loyalty of about half of the commune's members. Warren Jeffs, 49, claimed the "prophesy" of the FLDS in 2002 after the death of his father and former leader,ulon Jeffs, who had been debilitated by a stroke. Insiders say Warren used his father's weakened state to position himself as leader by disowning popular potential rival Warren Blackmore, 48, a millionaire businessman who was bishop of Bountiful.

Jeffs never gives public account over his fall

from the increasingly erratic message in faced with blatant racism and apocalyptic visions—all the more disturbing since he now runs Bountiful's provincially funded school. Blackmore, meanwhile, who also claims the loyalty of a growing number of disaffected U.S. fundamentalists, says, "There is a very real potential for violence, and not on our part." Those under Jeffs's sway, he told Maclean's, "could do anything, and would do anything—and I mean anything—they thought they were supposed to do."

TROUBLE IN TEXAS

Since the arrival last fall winter of the "many angels," as one of Bountiful's more extreme citizens calls them, there's plenty to talk about in this dry west Texas town, if not much to see. The polygamist enclave of the FZ (Young for Zion) church is marked by nothing more than a "No Trespassing" sign on a locked gate off a country road. Along live oaks and over rocky rangeland, past scattered mesquite and juniper trees and ubiquitous prickly pear cacti. There may be 50 fundamentalists on there, says the local sheriff, or 200, says the local newspaper online. They were drawn by the prophet—Jeffs—from the enclave on the Arizona-Utah border and likely also from Bountiful, where believers have contributed truckloads of lumber and prefabricated buildings to the cause.

Jeffs never gives account over his fall



The founders came to B.C. to live "the Principle"—taking plural wives



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Religion | »

to soon be lifted to a better world as non-believers in the hall of Annihilation. He estimates they're spending, in the near vicinity of San Angelo alone, US\$1 million a month on supplies.

Doran scrolls through dozens of aerial photos. They show the progress of a spreading acid mist, head-on style housing, huge war rigs and meeting rooms, and the foundation for a structure so massive it proved a puzzle even to the Soviet reconnaissance satellite that it is to be a limestone temple. "They have light up at night, they work 24 hours a day," says Doran. "They're just like us."

SONS AND DAUGHTER

The battle for control of the fundamentalist church has torn a swath through Jane Blackmore's fragile new life. Awake, intense 48-year-old with jet-black hair and dark eyes, she sits in her Oakbrook home—40 minutes and a world apart from her past as the first of an estimated 28 wives of Winston Blackmore. She is a nurse and, until her recent divorce from Blackmore, she served as a midwife in Bowdell, a role she still fills on occasion. She has admitted in the past to using heroin for months as young as 15. She's delivered many of her ex-husband's estimated 83 children by other wives. These aren't subjects far today, she says freely. If a subject is too sensitive to report, she says, "I'll be willing to do my part." Jane left her husband, lost her husband's wealth away from the doomsday world of Bowdell, but it is the disappearance of her 23-year-old daughter Sene and her young grandson that most troubles her.

Sene, like most teen girls in Bowdell, and like Jane herself, married young to a man assigned by the church. Her appointed husband was Don Johnson, a devout fundamentalist whom Sene, then 17, had a quiet. "She flew with her father to Salt Lake City, met him and married him five minutes later," says Jane. They settled in Colorado City, where Johnson later took a second wife. Trouble began when Jeff's gained control of the church. Johnson is an ardent follower.

He learned Sene's contact with her parents. When going, the family vanished altogether. Jane, and her sister Debbie Palmer, herself a former plural wife who fled Bowdell in 1998, have reported Sene's disappearance to police and filed their objections to no avail. She left Doran finally had a phone call from Sene that summer, after pressing

people at the YFE Ranch for an explanation. She told Doran she was "on a mission," but refused to reveal her whereabouts. She phoned her mother at his urging, but said little except that she wanted to be left alone.

Jane and Debbie fear Sene is among the "chosen," whom Jeff says will be lifted to a better world, and they suspect he is using Sene to make back his rival, Winston Blackmore. "She's truly in a lot of danger," says Palmer, co-author of *Keep Secret: Children of Polygamy*, a book that for release late this year about her own troubled childhood as Bowdell. Under Jeff, the church has veered in even more bizarre directions, she says.

"The teachings of the group have become more and more radical, extreme manner that it's almost unrecognizable."

The sisters say Johnson is a leader of the Sons of Helaman, a church group that runs camps in the teen clinic that have, under Jeff, taken a serious turn as a youth militia. The Sons have a capacity to barge into homes, reporting to the hierarchy such "insights" as television, radio, novels, the wrong music, even the wearing of red, says Sene Fisher, one of dozens of teen-age churchgoers who've lost homes, families and loved ones after falling for Jeff. "I've heard that now this young group of boys has been

'UNTO DEATH YOU MUST OBEY'



When Warren Jeffs wrested control of the school at Bowdell, B.C., from Winston Blackmore—it received about \$400,000 in provincial funding last year—notice of a staff meeting carried a picture of the self-proclaimed prophet and his new mandate: "Obe Unto Death, You Must Obey." It's a particularly bleak and bloody message, and one that U.S. anti-polygamy crusader Ron Lepp, himself a former fundamentalist Mormon, says Jeffs wishes to use to recruit teenagers to children on both sides of the border. The following, from transcripts provided by Lepp, are selected teachings of Jeffs in the mid-1990s, during his tenure as principal of the fundamentalist Alta Academy in Utah (it has since closed). He says the tapes are still used today.

On women:

The curse placed on women was that when they had children, they would suffer nearly to death. The blessing on the women was—and the only way she could ever be happy was—that she would let her husband, a faithful man, rule over her.

On race:

The black race is the people through which the devil has always been able to bring evil unto the world.

When people fall away, they become dark and filthy and low, just like the Lamanites on this island. We know the Indians became just like animals, dark and filthy and low, because their forefathers apostatized.

On the final days:

So great are the events ahead, the destruction, the judgments that the Lord will have to bring a hand in our defense... send him [Jesus] heaven if necessary to protect us, and let us up off the earth.

On the wages of sin:

Will you please believe, dear young people? To be unclean—filthy, bays and get into John together—you are worthy of death in the eyes of the Lord. We should consider any disobedience to be the prophet as though it was death.

On obedience:

Know this, whatever happens, stand by the prophet and do his will. Even unto death you must obey, and you will get the reward in the next life, greater than if you didn't suffer persecution.

On modesty:

When you get undressed, events in your body with a bath, do it quickly. Don't discuss anything and consider that even your eyes should be guarded.

On violence:

I want to remind you what the prophets have taught us, that whenever a man of God is commanded to kill another man, he is never bloodthirsty.

introduced to firearms, they learn how to shoot, do wrap-ups and explosives," says Hatcher. He now helps run a Utah-based group running some 400 so-called "fox boys" who were cast out of the church—in part, he says, to ensure a supply of young brides for the FLDS leadership.

Jeff's estate actions have driven some U.S. members into a community of about 100 hand-drawn fundamentalists in northern Idaho, across the border from Bountiful. Some, like Eric Draper, 32, and his wife and four children, lost their homes in Utah for rejecting Jeff's exorcism. Draper considers Blackmore the legitimate leader of his church, one now vilified beyond recognition. He stands in downtown Bonanza Ferry, where he has new words in red, black, white and white letter "The Fair FLDS has switched," he says, "from fundamentalism to fanatism."



Jane Blackmore lost her father and her daughter Jane, who has disappeared.

WORLDS APART

Trouble erupts. Winston Blackmore after years of running his world—media laudatory army of Christian and anti-business—with absolute dominion. Bountiful, that "keep secret" has always been the guiding mantra.

Initially after Jeff's followers strands a private school and largely about these loyal to Blackmore—neighbours who often, quite literally, their Mormon brethren and autism. Nor is the larger Christian community as pre-disposed as it once was to accept polygamy

in a victimless, if quirky, lifestyle. Creston Mayor Joe Snopce, a long-time defender of Blackmore, concedes that the impact of the rift is manifesting itself in drug and alcohol use among some of the group's disaffected teens. "That," he says, "was unheard of before." A recently formed Creston women's group—*Walking Dealing Dealing Education*—is drawing attention to Bountiful's independent schools. They're little, the group says, once people girls for early morning and boys for sleep labors. "I don't give a damn about their religion," says member Deb Quince. "They need to educate these children properly so when they grow up they can make informed decisions."

Then there are the investigations. The RCMP—in the urging of B.C. Attorney General Geoff Hart—is something in handling of former allegations of abuse in Bountiful before deciding if a full investigation is warranted. Past cases went nowhere, then, as now, few stepped forward to say they were victimized, and legal opinions suggested polygamy laws wouldn't survive a constitutional challenge based on freedom of religion. "We're looking at it with fresh eyes," RCMP spokesman Sgt. John Ward. A B.C. human rights tribunal, meanwhile, will hear a complaint of sexual discrimination by Debbie Palmer and a group of B.C. women. Among the allegations: that teenage girls are swapped across the border to become



wives, and that they're coerced by the threat of eternal damnation "to become concubines in houses and bear many children."

Blackmore proves an elusive interviewee, though he offers a few cautious email responses. The decision the church has gone under Jeff, he says, "has no precedent in the history of Mormon fundamentalism." As for the RCMP, "If Canadian authorities were to investigate everyone that others considered were involved in illegal and angry activities, it would take them 100 years to finally get around to us." Some of Bountiful's plural wives have spoken out in his defense. They played a role in the Creston paper in October, saying the only violation of their rights comes from "the false accusations of a few self-negating," fanned by a media frenzy. "We have all the freedom in the world," says Christine Palmer, 37, a mother of 14 and one of Blackmore's wives. "Our religion is as much a cult that any other." Nor, she insists, would the women of Bountiful tolerate abuse.

Marlene Palmer, 46, looks up from her coop in the Creston headquarters of J.R. Blackmore & Sons, Winston's family business. A smile behind an edge of frostiness in her voice. She is a mother of six, and a plural wife to a man she won't name. Like many Bountiful men, he is legally married to one woman, while subsequent wives are married only to the eyes of the church, making polygamy tough to prove. And why should it be prosecuted if the women know and accept each other, she asks. "Men haven't been monogamous,

Plural women why polygamy should be prosecuted if the women accept each other

truly, for hundreds and hundreds of years, but usually the other women don't know about each other. There's a mixture here, there's a mixture there," she says, shrugging at the logo of the film.

Unlike Blackmore, no gate blocks the road to Bountiful. This is a small, closed society, crowded by an unimpressive road, world and backed against the unyielding walls of the Skimmer from Mountain. Parked on a

SOME allege that teenage girls are being swapped across the border, and coerced by the threat of damnation

hilltop, a stater wonders what to make of the chapel. Down the road, a bride girl in a long pioneer dress plays alone under a tree in the yard of Blackmore's metal-like compound. Scudding grey clouds and a weak, setting sun change the view moment by moment. Look, and the scene is suffused in a pastoral, golden glow. Look again, the light has dimmed, the fields are cast in shadow, the mountains are looming, menacing force.

The women of Bountiful stop their van to see if anything is wrong. Just looking in the view, they're told. They smile because for them, at that moment, there is no doubt. "Oh, yes," she says, "beautiful, isn't it?"

'A SYSTEM THAT IS SUPERIOR'



Winston Blackmore, in his own words, as published in the *North Star*, his online newsletter

De Winifred

I was born one of 14 children of Joseph and Mary Blackmore. I am his 13th child and his eighth son. Two boys born before I was died in infancy. One younger brother also died. I have 10 living siblings.

De marriage

It is a dying shame that every two-by-four in the country will gather to help a woman leave her husband but not one of them will help her go back to him.

On freedom and polygamy

Not one single, masculine, promiscuous or fault-finding citizen can show us a system that is superior to our way of life. Show us. Show us the society that has no errors, no infidelity, no rapists, no vices, no social problems, no social problems, no divorce, and we will join it when you do. And then, mind your own business and we will mind ours.

On Warren Jeffs' evil influence

It is laughable, if notifiable, for a man to think that he is in possession of the power of God, when the road he travels down is strewn with the bodies of those he has unconsciously, broken and left to suffer, spending the rest of their lives lonely, lonely and desolate. So how do you tell if a man holds the Priesthood? It is not only to see who does not

[Can you imagine that any sane man who enjoys all that I enjoy would want to lead a life of hell? I can show you the opportunity to belong to this church who trades wives around like they were cattle, and whose deposed male members have nothing more to look forward to for the rest of their lives but loneliness, loneliness, heartache and despair, and praying night and day for deliverance which will never come.]

On proper dress

How do you dress? How do you have done, or are doing, your annual school cleanup. I do hope that you have adopted your children's clothing to be modest and appropriate for the times and seasons. If it is, commend you.

On pending investigations

Use all perceptions, I am sure that we will get through it. This is all about discipline. You will be disappointed again.

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AT RISK—OF SUCCEEDING

My image of troubled youth changed once I got to know them better

HEAD JUST LANDER a new job and he wanted clergy-ford development and public relations for a non-profit organization. But there was a catch: Salvation Community Youth Arm Programming like "surfer in-the" youth. Its primary program, the Urban Career Project, has a worthy goal to provide 16- to 30-year-olds living in multiple barriers to employment with an opportunity to use their interests in the visual arts to develop personal and work-related skills. Through community mentors and art exhibits, it gives them a chance to make positive contributions and gain self-confidence. Still, his integrations

the term "at-risk" conjured up images of juvenile delinquents and drug addicts. I am a small, middle-aged woman who spent her teenage years with her nose buried deeply in books. How, I wondered, can I possibly relate to these kids? But a funny thing happened when I started talking to them: they became my friends.

It began with Greg, who greeted me as I walked in the door of the art studio and challenged me to paint (the names of all the youth have been changed to protect their privacy). I asserted that words are my tools, not brushes. Well, he had broken the ice, and now we chat whenever I drop by.

Soon afterward, Durrell, the project coordinator, decided I should put on a writing workshop for the Urban Canvas participants, many of whom are high-school dropouts. Despite some complaining, they shuffled into the room and listened as I talked briefly about writing techniques and ended before ov-

I sat down with each of them to discuss what they'd written. Erik, 18, the group leader, had readable spelling and grammar, but his creative story about a homicidal co-educational woman was full of uncorrected humor. Doris, 30, who is autistic, kept starting fresh drafts of a movie review. But he finished it in Latin and brought it in the next day for me to look at. It was good—well-researched and interesting. The students

most stranded because it's usually really hard to communicate with Dave.

I wanted to know more about these kids. So I was pleased when they agreed to be interviewed and humbled when they were so open about their lives and their dreams. All of them have problems, none of them are defeated.

When Abella joined Urban Canvas, she'd been on a three-month drinking binge. "Everybody drinks in high school and after work," she explained. "Now thank it's done."

mental on me," he insisted. "I've seen lots of guys try to outdo the stereotype of the deadbeat dad, and I've seen lots of girls who didn't grow up and take responsibility."

Greg believes the hardest part of being a single parent is trying to chase his dreams without forcing his son to make sacrifices.

June, 21, asked me to help her prepare a résumé. When I asked about her work history, she said she can't remember things that happened before she had seven electric shock treatments that destroyed her short-term memory. June, who is bipolar, had gone into hospital severely depressed—she'd used to commit suicide 10 times by 10 different methods. Though still bitter about her abusive father, she's doing better now and wants to become a counsellor or an art therapist. "I want to help people—*and*—up people who don't know what's—*ed*," she told me.

Given the Urban-Career Project's track record, she may well succeed. Of the 40 people who so far have completed the eight-month program, 50 per cent have found a job and 35 per cent have gone back to school. Ten participants have gone on to college or university.

They're not criminals. They're not bad kids. They are at risk—
at risk of falling through the cracks, of
not receiving the help they are searching for.

As June says, young people don't need
older people telling them what to do with
their lives. "What we need," she says, "is a
confidential line and support." I'm proud
to be a part of an organization that provides
a listening ear and caring adults to help
them succeed and create the community of
the future. "At risk" youth don't frighten
me; they inspire me.

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Money's Worth | Cocoa nuts Canadian-made chocolates

Ah, chocolate—the only gift-giving gift for just about every child, great-aunt, colleague or (SPOIL) lover on your Christmas list. It has that irrefutable quality that makes people want to fork, dip their fruit and dangle, or throw their heads back and praise the heavens. Each year, about three million tonnes of cocoa beans are used worldwide to make chocolate products. (That's approximately the weight of 300,000 elephants—and almost as much as that of three Maclean's pencils after adding this week's Money's Worth.) Chocolates are a bit of chocolate is going to wind up on your coffee table this holiday season. But which type to buy? Which to give? We compared four brands of Canadian-made chocolates, available by phone or Internet.

KATIE WELSH, MACLEANS
PATRICIA TREHLE AND BARBARA WICKENS



THE VERDICT Each of these brand selections offered a wide variety of fillings and a good mix of milk- and dark-chocolate coatings, but, in short, you get what you pay for—next time you're in the good store, you'll go back.

OUR PICK: General's selection of chocolate was our words just as much as its looks. See www.general.ca and email info@general.ca.



What's in Store

Chocolate cosmetics. Dried herbs. All-new Cocoa Therapy products (body-buffing scrub, skin, shower) are the "moist-enhancing" properties of chocolate to soothe the body and mind. Go all out. Available at www.ginger.com.

SHIMMER DELICIOUS ASSORTED (\$19.95)

JE HONNÔTE ASSORTED (\$19.95)

PURITY'S SIGNATURE CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT (\$21.95)

BERNARD CALLEBAUT ASSORTED (\$40)



DETAILS

Made in New Brunswick, 450-g box (one piece of chocolate). Available at www.shimmer.com; 888-588-8888.

Made in Ontario, made to order from 100g to 500g, available in 25 pieces. Available at www.jehonnote.com; 416-538-3034.

Made in British Columbia, 250-g box (about 30 pieces), available at www.purity.ca; 888-478-1987.

Made in Alberta, 447-g box (one piece approx. 45 pieces), available at www.bernardcallebaut.com; 800-962-4261.

PRESENTATION

Purple box is gorgeous. Comes in five compact boxes, inside with red or fancy designs, looks cool!

Cheers, smallest really pleasing box (about 100g), each box looks like a work of art.

Quality lid graphics were superb. Each piece is individually wrapped in foil or a nice touch.

Beautiful, elegant, small box, sure of a good of better. A true gift.

LEGEND

Yes. Excellent, easy-to-use map of chocolate included.

No. Though I like it, it's a surprise. I signed it up for a website.

Yes. But not all of the chocolate pieces were in the box (I was disappointed).

Yes. Cocoa photos made looking the right call about a week. But some not found in box (I was disappointed).

TASTING NOTES

Very sweet. Soft, delicate flavors, but not too much. Texture of the chocolate is smooth, tender, but not too much. (The taste is like a Swiss roll.)

The taste is like the lid, the chocolate is like a Swiss roll, the taste is like a Swiss roll, the taste is like a Swiss roll.

Lots of variety. Each is a different, but not too much. (The taste is like a Swiss roll.)

In fact, a great dark chocolate (but not for the best quality and most interesting chocolate. Plus, there's a lot of variety, but not too much. (The taste is like a Swiss roll.)

SPECIALTIES

Shaping is unique for chocolate. It's a unique, but not too much. (The taste is like a Swiss roll.)

Chocolate that is unique, but not too much. (The taste is like a Swiss roll.)

Their own, but not too much. (The taste is like a Swiss roll.)

TIP: Don't be too much. The quality of chocolate is to be a piece of chocolate. It's a unique, but not too much. (The taste is like a Swiss roll.)

For just Money's Worth product list drive, go to www.macleans.ca/money



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A PORTRAIT IN GRACE

Handed a lemon, Kim Campbell made lemonade—and left a legacy

IT IS HARD TO ENTER into history when history won't slow down to let you catch up. On this particular Tuesday, Pierre Berton had died in Toronto. George W. Bush was visiting Ottawa. A set particularly unruly mob had taken Parliament Hill. And Kim Campbell was in for her own hanging.

The Evening Review of Parliament, just down the hall from the House of Commons, is one of Ottawa's Ottawa's grand ceremonial spaces. On this day, an array of cabinet ministers, senators, MPs and hang-ons had crowded for the unveiling of the official portrait

of Canada's 21st prime minister.

But for once, she isn't in her. Campbell was trapped at the Château Laurier. Several thousand anti-Bush protesters stood between the lady and her moment. Much of the crowd, it will not regret.

Kim Dryden was able to say that the backdrop was a reminder of social development. Campbell had legs in the hall one side while he was in the ward. Dryden asked a north do the so-PMs actually get to choose their own portrait? Do they really pose for hours on end? Dryden reached to pose for a sculptor, a few years after his career as a high school teacher. "The problem," he said, "is that your equipment is that if you don't wear it all the time. States are the worst. The leather does not and they get smaller. It's not good to wear suits for an hour or two, even when they fit."

Finally word came that Campbell had arrived. We took our seats.

Perhaps I should explain, for younger readers, that Campbell was prime minister for a few months in the summer and autumn of 1993. She seemed such a charismatic figure that the party's heavyweights—Joe Clark, Jean Chrétien, Michael Wilson—headed for the hills. Among senior rivals, only Jean Chrétien let himself be coaxed to run. When he lost, some liberals were so sure they would face a similar fate that Jean Chrétien had to reassure them: "nervous Nellies" Campbell was not unfailable.

Fallible indeed, she fell. And rather hard:



two titles kept their seats, he will not among them. A hangnail on a crop of Reform party MPs swept into Ottawa, a decade later one of them, Stephen Harper, leads whatever is left of Campbell's party.

Campbell took her political demise with good grace. For several years she devoted herself with energy and imagination to the job of counsel general for Canada in Los Angeles. I was told the woman a popular teacher at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. On this day she took her last arrival in article. She'll look content, and if she has not withdrawn an opponent in a long time, she retains a knack for putting a room at ease.

By the time she selected Victoria arms David Gorden to paint her, she and, she was "10 years older and a lot fatter" than when she had the big job. Think goodness for an artist "who was prepared to, you know, kind of split the difference." She ex-

plained her portrait's symbolism: robes associated with British Columbia Aboriginal nations, with the judiciary and with academia. "It's always important, when you're in politics, to replenish your intellectual capital," she said. "I'm happy that the lesson is to do that after 1993."

Life handed her a lemon. She made lemonade. Now her successor wrestled with her legacy. Peter MacKay spoke in a glass of Stephen Harper, who was off meeting Bush. A former lawyer, MacKay concurred on Campbell's accomplishments as prime minister, including a new rape law whose passage "I'm convinced the saying in Canadian society that no means no."

Paul Martin, prancing graciously from an unsteady leg day, concentrated on the gender-related aspects of Campbell's legacy: female justice minister, first female prime minister, first female, oh, subject of a prime ministerial portrait.

If I may, she did leave more than just Martin might not be the best-placed to lead two elements of the Campbell legacy. So I will.

First, she radically cut the federal cabinet's size and simplified the government's structure. She cut the number of cabinet ministers from 41 to five. Jean Chrétien essentially legs government with Campbell's organizational thrust, so her legacy lasted much of a decade. Just because the ministries and committees have lately grown back the weeds does not mean her pruning was not healthy.

Her other example is less fitting, but none of her fault. Campbell downsized the perilously short shelf life of political systems. She was to-day on the strength of novelty and fell as soon as she stopped being novel. It's the sort of lesson Ottawa never learns. Campbell's portrait could serve as a handy reminder. Today's voters would pause and reflect. Just for once.

To comment, backwash@mcgill.ca or find that Web's a melting, "Mellon Wells," at www.mellonwells.com/paulwells



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